

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE,
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For the Christian Spiritualist.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

Benvenuto Cellini, the sculptor, goldsmith, and

the great genius in the arts, Modeling, Sculpture,

goldsmith's work, Medaling, &c., had, and which he

has related in his life written by himself, some extraordinary

Spiritual visitations. He was born on All Saints Day at 12 o'clock, night, in the

year 1568. From the history of his life, he seems to have been a

man of ardent and passionate temperament, which would in some degree

confer upon him the power of a medium. The old writers held, that

Spiritual visitations were vouchsafed only to men of a melancholic

temperament. Observation certainly tends to show that the mediums of the

present day are of a melancholic temperament, although it is not

universally so, and it is not being universally so, would prove that

although those of a melancholic temperament may be more easily

wrought upon by the Spiritual influx, yet the power is sufficient

to act on other than such morbid affections. Benvenuto Cellini

was a man most intellectually cultured on all matters relating to

art, and had the finest sensibility in respect to the beautiful and

ideal. This appears to be the true secret of Spiritual inspirations, for

such perceptions render the Spiritual approach easy, and that,

perhaps, because the Spiritual is intimately allied with the

perception of the beautiful and ideal. Shakespeare was another

brilliant example; Cellini records his actual experience; all we

know of the Spirituality of Shakespeare is to be gleaned from

his writings. These remarks are thrown out as mere floating

hints, and yet it is conceived reflection will prove their truth.

Investigation will show that amongst the mediums of the

present day, there are many of this sanguine temperament, but

with it is always linked a keen perception of the beautiful; at the

same time, it is not to be denied the generality of the mediums

are characterized by a morbid temperament, and few of them

may be said to enjoy sound and robust health.

Benvenuto Cellini's father although he appreciated his

talent in Goldsmith's work, had an ardent desire that he should

embrace the musical profession to which he himself

belonged. Benvenuto was highly skilled as a flutist. His

love for the flute caused much contention between himself

and his father, and finally led to his forsaking his father's

house. When at Rome, he joined in a concert given by the

Pope Clement VII; he played the flute so divinely, that the

Pope was anxious to have him amongst his choir of musicians,

and a proposal was made to him that he should permit himself

to be numbered as of the band. He declined to do so, on the

ground that he was a musician, and not a soldier. His reflection

that such a course might injure him, by preventing that assiduity

in the pursuit of art to which he was devoted, induced him to

refuse the proposition. That night he dreamed that his

father came to him, and with tears besought him to accept the

situation, and that he refused to accede to his request. It then

assumed a horrible appearance, it said, "If you refuse

compliance, you will have your father's curse, otherwise, I

will bless you for ever." This dream so wrought upon his

mind, that when morning came, he went and enrolled himself

amongst the Pope's musicians, and wrote to his father that

he had done so, detailing the circumstances of his dream, when

in answer his father said he had a dream exactly similar.

His dream relation concerns magic. He became acquainted

with a Sicilian priest who was learned in the knowledge of the

ancients. When together one day, the discourse turned upon

necromancy, and in the conversation Cellini said: "that for the

whole of his life he had had the greatest desire to be acquainted

with the mysteries of this art. The priest said: "If you think

you have the heart to venture, I will give you all the satisfaction you

can desire." He assented, and an evening was appointed for

him to bring two friends with him, one of these selected had

labeled a little in the magic art. They altogether at night repaired

to the Coliseum, where the priest with many horrible ceremonies,

burning perfumes and other substances, which gave out a

noxious odor, after having formed a circle, into which they

all went, with benches, he then invoked the Demons. After

the ceremony had lasted an hour and a half, several

legions of devils appeared, so that the amphitheatre was

filled with them. When they appeared, the priest said: "Benvenuto,

ask them some question." Cellini who was enamoured of a

Sicilian courtesan, whom her mother had forced to leave

Rome and had gone to some place of which he could obtain

no clue, said: "let them bring me into company with

Angelica." That night no answer was given, when the

priest said it was necessary they should go a second time,

assuring him that then he would have his desire satisfied,

but that he must bring with him a youth of uncontaminated

life.—This was agreed to, two associates were also selected,

who with Cellini, the boy, and the priest repaired again on

another night to the Coliseum.—The ceremonies were gone

through as before, but

with more strenuous observances. The boy stood by Cellini, who held him, fearing he would be terrified. The priest, then, by name, invoked a number of Demons, who were the leaders of legions, and questioned them by the power of the Eternal, and uncreated God, in Hebrew, Latin, and Greek. The amphitheatre was then filled with an innumerable host of Demons, greatly exceeding in number those who had appeared before. Cellini then by the direction of the priest, signified his desire in respect to Angelica, when the priest said: "they declare you shall see her in a month." The priest then requested he would stand beside him as the Demons were more numerous than he had designed, and were most dangerous. The boy at this time in a terrible fright said, that there were a million stout men there who threatened to destroy them. That four were giants armed cap-a-pie, who endeavored to break into the circle. The priest during this time was trembling with fear, and endeavored to dismiss them peaceably. Cellini says he was as much frightened as any of them, and "gave himself over for a dead man," but he managed to preserve a bold front, which had the effect of inspiring the others. The boy said, "we shall surely perish." Cellini endeavored to arouse him by saying that all he saw was mere smoke and shadows. Upon this, he looked up and said the amphitheatre was filled with fire, and that it was burning. The whole of the persons present seemed almost dead with fear. The ceremonies proceeded, a great quantity of perfumes were burned, when the boy cried out, the devils were flying away. In this condition the party remained until the bell rang for morning prayer. The boy at length, said but few of the devils remained, and those at a great distance. They all then went out of the circle, keeping close together. On their way home, the boy said two devils accompanied them, sometimes skipping along the ground, sometimes over the tops of the houses.

The priest being delighted with the firmness Cellini had shown, desired to engage him to assist in the consecration of a book, by means of which great riches would be acquired, for then they could ask the Demons to disclose the riches of the earth, which were of more importance than nonsensical love affairs. After much persuasion, Cellini agreed to the proposition, but desired to delay the affair until he had finished some medals upon which he was engaged. He does not say whether the after experiment was made. The priest assured him that the promise the devils made would be realized, and within the time.

Cellini after this got into an encounter with a man whom he killed, and was obliged to fly from Rome to avoid the penalty of the law, and directed his course to Naples. When near that city, they were annoyed by an inn-keeper who met them on the road, and desired they should lodge at his inn. Tired by the importunity of the inn-keeper, they endeavored to drive him away, and then by way of annoying him, Cellini asked if he would direct him to a Sicilian courtesan named Angelica. Upon this the inn-keeper in a rage said: "curse all strumpets," and rode off. Cellini and his companions then rode on chatting, when the man returned, and said, lately two ladies, one of whom was named Angelica, had come to lodge in a house near the inn, and that perhaps they were the persons inquired for. Upon this, Cellini and his companions consented to use the inn, and went there. Upon his arrival, he went to the house, and found the lady was indeed she he sought. This day was the very last of the month the devils had promised he should find Angelica. He then moralises upon the tendency of the devils' promises, and warns that all should seriously reflect upon the involuntary danger he had gone through to bring the promise to a consummation.

Matters were afterwards accommodated at Rome, and he returned. He then relates a vision he and a companion of his were favored with. Having taken a little excursion on their return to Rome, looking towards Florence, exactly over it, they saw a figure resembling "a beam of fire," which shone with an extraordinary lustre. Both then exclaimed, "Good God, what wonderful phenomena is that which appears yonder over Florence!" He shortly afterwards met with an accident by his horse stumbling over a heap of rubbish. The noise brought the persons residing in the neighborhood out, to whom they related the strange appearance they had observed over Florence, when they exclaimed, "Lord, what can the meaning of such an appearance be!" Cellini answered, doubtless "some revelation must have happened at Florence." The next day news was received of the murder of the Duke Alexander.

After this, he again got into trouble, and was confined in a dungeon in the castle of St. Angelo, at Rome, from which he managed to escape in an ingenious manner, but was recaptured and confined in a loathsome dungeon beneath the ground, where he continued very sick. The dungeon was light only for a short time in the day, but still he kept up his spirits, and resolved "in his mind the most serious thoughts on God, and the frail condition of human nature," and made up his mind, although he believed he should never be delivered from the dungeon, to bear his unhappy lot. But having grown impatient, he meditated suicide, and placed some blocks of wood so that they should fall upon his head, on his removing a support, and crush him. When all was ready and he was in the act of loosening the support, he was seized by something invisible, and thrust several feet from the place, and then fell into a trance, so that the gaoler on visiting him thought he was dead. On recovering his senses, there were several priests in the cell, and he heard them say to the gaoler,

"how came you to say he was dead?" Afterwards reflecting upon his suicidal intention, and the invisible intervention, he took it for granted it was the interposition of his guardian Spirit. He then had a vision in which a beautiful youth appeared to him who said in a reprimanding tone: "Do you know who gave you that body which you would have destroyed before the time of its dissolution?" He answered, "he had received it from the Great God of Nature." "Do you then," said he, "despise his gifts, that you thus attempt to deface and destroy them. Trust in his providence, and never give way to despair whilst his divine assistance is at hand and more to the same effect. After this he turned his thoughts wholly to God. He was after this removed with much violence to a dungeon still more miserable, wherein the preacher Fojano had been starved to death.

It was then determined by the Pope, (the successor of Clement VIIIth), that the Governor of the Castle should be empowered to take his (Cellini's) life. When the order had been given, the invisible Spirit came and shook him, and with an audible voice desired him to stand up, and said: "Benvenuto, Benvenuto, loose no time, raise your heart to God in fervent devotion, and pray to him with the utmost vehemence." That then he prayed and recited the psalm, "He that dwelleth in the secret places of the most high." That then he appeared to speak with God, and the same voice then said distinctly and audibly: "Take your repose now, and fear nothing." The Governor had given orders to put him to death, and had afterwards revoked them, saying: "How can God have mercy upon me, if I do not show mercy to those who have offended me. Go tell him instead of putting him to death. I grant him life and liberty." He still continued in his confinement, the Pope not being willing that he should be set at liberty. Cellini after this had a most ardent desire to see the sun, from the sight of which he had been debarred for a long time, and prayed therefore to God with earnestness and devotion. That when his prayer had ceased, "my invisible guide hurried me away like a whirlwind into an apartment where he unveiled himself to me in a human form, having the figure of a youth, with a beautiful countenance on which a particular gravity was visible, and then showed me innumerable figures upon the walls of the apartment, and said: "all those men whom you see thus represented, have finished their career." I then asked why I was brought there, "to which he answered, come forward, and you will soon know the reason." So he led me through that spacious apartment, showing me those who had traveled several ways some many miles, and then we went out at a little door into a place which appeared like a narrow street. I then found myself in a white shirt, standing beside him on his right hand, with nothing on my head. Opposite was a high wall on which the rays of the sun darted. I then said: "Oh! my friend, how shall I raise myself so that I shall see the sphere of the sun." I then mounted some steps backward, and saw the sun, the rays of which overpowered and dazzled my eyes. After looking at it some time, the whole force of the rays united and fell on the left side. The rays thus being removed, I was enabled to contemplate the whole of his orb, and when divested of his rays, he appeared like a bath of the purest molten gold. Whilst I gazed, the centre of the sun bulged, and there appeared Christ on his cross, formed of the self same matter as the sun. On saying a miracle, a miracle, the figure of Christ moved towards that place where the rays were concentrated, and it bulged again, the protuberance being increased prodigiously, and was converted into the figure of the virgin Mary, who appeared to sit with her son in her arms and smile; she sat between two angels. Also in the sun I saw a figure clothed in sacerdotal robes, which turned its back to me, facing towards the blessed virgin with Christ in her arms. This phenomena continued for several minutes, and then vanished." He then gave thanks for the mercy vouchsafed to him, and said he knew that on the anniversary of All Saints' Day, he would be removed from his dungeon, "for I have seen it with my eyes prefigured on the throne of God." This vision was repeated to the Pope, (who neither believed in God, nor in any other article of religion,) and who sent word to the constable to no more mind Cellini, but to take care of the salvation of his own soul. Attempts were afterwards made to poison him with diamond dust, but which failed through the avarice and poverty of the person to whom it was given to prepare. Cellini was afterwards set at liberty upon the intercession of the Cardinal Fanesse, but does not say whether it was on All Saints' Day.

So when in his prison, he says he received a history of the future of his great enemy Paolo Luigi, the son of the Pope, and which afterwards exactly happened, and that it was written on his forehead with an invisible red.

After his vision of the sun, a light appeared on his head, which was visible until 2 o'clock in the day, and in the evening at sunset, which others also saw. He also tells of a severe sickness he was visited by, and at the time being haunted by a hideous spectre which appeared afraid of a particular friend of his, and by whose influence it was finally driven away, that on his convalescence he voided a hideous hairy worm, the species of which naturalists could not discover. These events in the life of this extraordinary man we have extracted to show that such things have had being at other times than those in which we now live, and which to a reflective mind are things of great significance. S. B.

SPIRITUAL LITERATURE.

For the Christian Spiritualist.

I.

HARMONIC HYMNS FROM THE HEAVEN OF SPIRITS.

The principal charge brought by the sectarian and secular press against Spiritualism, are infidelity or irreligion. A want of originality and literary merit is also said by several influential journals to characterize the productions of Spiritual Media. That this is partially true of certain classes of minds, who think themselves the inspired instructors of the age, we frankly admit. And we not only grant, but assert, that a large portion of the Clairvoyant and Spiritual literature of the day can never command the intellectual respect of mankind. It is abnormal in its origin and poor and weak in its results. It has its uses, as all things have; and having subserved these, it will speedily pass away.

There are ever two ways of apparently attaining the same end—one orderly and real, the other disorderly and deceptive. By purity and temperance, by rest and exercise, in due proportions, mind and body are brought into the state of health, and capable of the most rigorous exercise; the same may, apparently, be effected by alcoholic stimulants. A man of highly cultivated imagination and poetic sensibilities, under the genial influences of vernal Morn or summer Eve, or the silent ministries of Night, is filled with sweet reveries or sublime conceptions;—all this is imitated and parodied in an opium dream. So if one man, by prayer and an inward life, is brought into conscious rapport with the living source of light and inspiration, others by disorderly magnetic influences with minds unprepared, may be brought into connection with spheres which correspond to their own states. And the result will be as the avenues of communication.

In the higher forms of Spiritual unfolding, the Angel or Spirit is but an instrument. His office is by electric and Spiritual agencies to subdue the irrational external, to allay all mental disquietudes, and bind by sweet and potent spells the restless passions. Thus prepared and elevated above the selfish nature, the soul is brought into the interior condition, or that state which is expressed in the Word by being in the Spirit. Then instreaming influxes from the Inspiring Source fall upon and envelop the chosen Medium. The communication may be more or less mediate as may subserve providential designs or ends of use; the Divine sphere of the Lord is still the one sustaining and directing power. This is orderly Spiritual communication, manifested throughout in the disclosures of the Word, and illustrated in the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg. This was the office of the angel in the Apocalypse, and of heavenly ministrants in all ages of the world. Man is, as it were, borne up on angel wings to receive the wisdom of the skies. He is attracted and withdrawn inward that he may inhale the inspirations of the inner life.

We have already in previous articles alluded to standard works accessible to all, to what may be called the Classics of Spiritualism—its first matured and ripened fruits. We will now add a few single wild flowers to crown the offering, yet fresh and fragrant as the first of Spring. As we have spoken of Inspiration, we will cite a single utterance upon that theme. We would remark, in passing, that there is as little doubt of the Spiritual origin of these poems, as of their genuine piety and literary merit. We think they will gladden the heart of many a reader who has, perhaps, been waiting for some purer breath of

HOLY INSPIRATION.

The will that moves in us hath moved in others;
Its living force God's children all have known;
Its boundless life inspires our angel brothers,
Who worship in the burnings of the throne.

'Tis not our will, our strength is vague and aimless;
This works in us as God o'er Nature's fire,
From chaos bringing forms of wisdom blameless
And living founts of infinite desire.

'Tis not contaminate with sensuous feeling;
Its ardors from the Pure Divine have birth;
Though soul and sense in peaceful music stealing,
It brings all Heaven into the form of earth.

It fetters not, nor clouds the mental being;
Like some strong angel it unbars the gate
Of doubt and unbelief, the Spirit freeing
From the old bondage of material fate.

It is not sorcery, but dispossession;
It arms with thunders smites not with the rod;
It gives mankind in holy retrospection,
The glorious freedom of the Sons of God.

The only creatures below man that have the power of song are the winged and vocal inhabitants of the fields and air. Living as they do between heaven and earth, they correspond to the elevated regions of the soul; hence they receive influxes of vocal inspiration from above. Poets and the simple-hearted children of nature have long felt this; hence the happy denizens of the air have ever been favorites of the Muse. Let the reader transport himself in thought from the worn and dusty ways of life, to the green meadows and graceful waving groves while he reads

THE SKY-LARK.

Rose-colored in the Morn I wait,
Until the Sunrise opens its gate;
Retired from mortal sight afar,
Light-hidden like the Morning Star.

I see the dreaming earth unfold
From sleep, wide beams of burning gold
Upon the silent mountains play,
And flame, like altar-lights of day.

I baffle my wings in morning dew,
And with the morning song renew,
And man, from peasant unto king,
Drinks rapture from the notes I bring.

And poets, fired with deathless words,
Repeat, through echoing Spirit chords,
The vocal gladness that I pour
From morning's birth-place evermore!

Thus might the Sky-Lark truly tell;
And yet how frail the outward shell
That holds that winged voice, that soars
And sings from morn's aerial shores!

O mortal Man! the Sky-Lark shames
The utterance praised in cloistered fane:
True to her life's inspiring breath,
She floats above the realms of death.

But Man his heart's desire conceals;
Abjures each loftier Love he feels;
Denies the inward Life that faim
On wings of light would soar again;

Forgets, in earth's impure control,
The glorious music of the Soul,
And sleeps beneath Night's fading pall,
While from the skies the Angels call.

But there is one bird that more than all others is an emblem of all that is elevated and aspiring in the human soul. Whenever man would leave all earth behind, and soar above even its clouds and mountains, there is but one symbol that expresses his most daring aspirations, and that is

THE EAGLE.

I baffle my wings in morning light,
I triumph o'er the fading night,
I rise toward the rising Sun;
The lessening rivers' wealth me run,
And the great mountains robed in cloud,
And crowned with purple fires, are bowed
Beneath my pinions while I rise
Starward and onward through the skies.

The clouds that pour their watery stores,
Harm not the Eagle as he soars;
He floats above the cloudy glooms,
And morning glads his burnished plumes.
That though the lightning seethe the sleep,
What though the mad-like thunders leap
From cloud to cloud, and meteors pass
Bewildering the unsure morass;
What though the bursting whirlwind scare
The tiger in his forest lair;
The Eagle soars above them high,
Imperial dweller of the sky,
And safe above the storms grows bright
In the companionship of light.

Thus the swift shape that loves the day,
Speaks in his winged, aerial play,
Thus rising o'er the cloud and storm,
He puts the race of man to scorn.

Man hath an eye, whose burning glance
Might seek God's own high countenance;
Man hath a mind whose deathless wings
Should bear him where the seraphs sing;
Man hath the soul to rise sublime
Above the loftiest flights of time;
But prostrate in the dungeon cell
Of sensuous thought man loves to dwell.

Oh Man, so low, yet once so high,
The Eagle shames thee from the sky.
Thou lovest to haunt thy narrow cage;
The Eagle in his noble rage,
Spurns earth's control,—fears not to die,
But offers Life for Liberty!

If thus the Eagle shames the race
Of mortal men, and finds his place
In the blue heaven's triumphal arch,
Where constellated armies march,
While man for loftier daring made,
Creeps all his days of thought afraid,
And seeks to change his mental wings
To the prone serpent's earthly rings,
It is not strange that man should smite
The Spirit of Despairing Right,
Eat of the sensuous serpent's food,
And seek in blinded haste to spurn,
The angel and embrace the worm.

We will cite one other which sounds so like a hymn of lofty praise, calling to man from higher spheres, that it seems to us impossible that any rational mind should ascribe it to any other than a pure and elevated origin. It is entitled

THE VOICE OF WISDOM.

Command the sea and bid it pause,
Its everlasting hymn;
The sea obeys His steadfast laws
Who rules the Seraphim.

Command the stars that they no more
Pour forth their glorious light;
The stars obey for evermore
His voice who rules the Night.

Command the Seasons that they rest
Nor glad the needy earth;
Meekly they wait. His great behest
Who crowns them in their birth.

And if thou canst not still the sea,
Nor quench the light of stars,
Or bid the constant seasons flee,
Then break thy mental bars:

And cease to arm thy soul to smite
The sea of mind whose waves
Roll from the shores of boundless Light
Upon this orb of graves.

And cease to battle with the stars,
That ope their glorious doors,
Whence Angels throng for Wisdom's wars,
To earth's defenceless shores.

Nor think to stifle with thy breath
The Spirit or the Son;
Who comes to conquer sin and death
With immortality.

We are tempted to add one other, whose soft, sweet music, "like the sound of distant Sabbath bells," such as one remembers them chiming amid the glad and hallowed associations of early days,—comes stealing upon the ear and heart with a rich and living inspiration. To be fully felt it must be inwardly chanted or sung to its own musical rhythm. It is such communications that make our faith dear to us. They are, indeed,

VOICES OF CONSOLATION.

The morning bells of Paradise
Culmine in my heart to-night:
I hear the voices of the skies,
The holy Psalms of Light.
And still while daylight fades away,
Those golden bells ring on,
And bid the Spirit wait and pray
With solemn orison.

I see the white cathedral spires,
Up-built in Heaven above;
I hear the saintly angel choirs
Chant vespers hymns of Love.
O Heaven! thy skies of purest faith
This world of sorrow span:

The heart and lips grow pale with death,
From thee comes hope for man.
Above earth's fading sunset glow
Thy purple dawn is seen;
Above our wintry sleet and cold,

Out-blooms thy vernal green.
And all the night thy holy chiming,
Through storm-clouds rent apart,
Ring in earth's peaceful morning-time—
The Sabbath of the Heart.

I would now, in all candor and seriousness, ask our friends of the opposition whether the above poems do contain poetic merit, and evince a pure and elevated tone of mind, thought and feeling in the source from whence they emanated? Is it reasonable to suppose that such breathings of harmony, love and wisdom come from hell? Are such the sentiments of devils? Or can they, to that extent, transform themselves into angels of light? If so, then may the heavens pity the earth? For how shall we distinguish good from evil? How can I know that any graceful little poem or devout hymn is not to be a snare for my soul? Perhaps "the beautiful Evangeline" of Longfellow, and the "Princess" of Alfred Tennyson are "wiles of the adversary," and little Nell and Eva may be diabolical conceptions. It is written "there is a Spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." The unwearied lamb dreads the serpent, and the fledged dove the first seen vulture, and shall man be bereft of all reason and true perception? Surely to think thus is to be more brutish than any brute. Man knows that words and sentiments, such as we have cited, are from above; for they call to him as from thence. He feels inwardly their force and acknowledges their authority; and it is only bigotry and prejudice that so blind and stultify the human intellect that it ascribes the messages of love and wisdom to the source of darkness. That is the unpardonable sin; the individuals or sect so speaking seal their own doom. There is no hope for them while in that state, neither in this world nor the world to come. Utter perversion is the swift precursor of dissolution; for death is the only good left. To cease to be all that they now are—so far as thus manifested—is the possible avenue of deliverance. S. E. B.

THE BEAUTY OF TRUTH.

A TEST OF CHARACTER.

"Truth, ever lovely since the world began,
The foe of Tyrants—and the friend of Man?"
Or high, or low, or rich, or poor, we call,
The good of EACH rests in the good of ALL.

We fear that a large portion of the rising generation do not attach sufficient importance to truth, and its influence upon character. They indulge in all sorts of extravagant misrepresentation, and when these are discovered, they endeavor to laugh them off as mere matters of jest. In other words, they mistake falsehood for wit, and thus not only injure others, but mislead themselves. The infirmity is one that has been alluded to again and again, but it cannot be denounced too earnestly or too frequently. Truth is one of the brightest and purest of moral jewels of our nature. It not only illustrates, but adorns and dignifies. It is indeed invaluable in almost every aspect in which it may be considered. The true man, one whose word may always be relied upon, is deservedly esteemed and respected by all who know him, and the weight of his opinion cannot but exercise a high moral influence in every intelligent circle. It has been well and wisely contended, that "Truth lies at the very foundation of the really virtuous character. It is the key-stone of the arch. It inspires confidence, and in its absence, every other element of purity is deprived of a portion of its beauty and its strength. No truly great or good man ever lived in whom this trait was not prominent.

"Truth is the brightest jewel in the young man's crown. He that is unwilling to prevaricate, to misrepresent, to grapple, to pervert—he that dares to deceive, and with a modest frankness and a manly firmness, always speaks the simple truth, commands himself at once to the respect and admiration of the truly wise and virtuous. An individual may be a perfect novice in business, may possess

So long as Men are Honest, so long will Success follow in the Footsteps of their Labors.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1855.

NOTES FROM LITTLE EVA'S PARTY.

We hope the reader has not forgotten little Eva, of whom we have had occasion to speak before, and in whose behalf some friends have formed a monthly Spiritual Circle, that they may, while spending an evening with the Spirits, contribute in part to her maintenance. How far the following "Notes" are likely to interest the reader, it is not possible to inquire, since they are in fact as much a phase of physical manifestation as they are affectionate and sentimental in personal experience. It is in this double sense they are submitted—for, while "table rapping" a mystery, the affection in and appropriateness of communication, makes every heart in the Circle the responsive and willing witness of the truth as then and there heard and felt. Beyond this, evidence can not go, nor can doubt press the issue further, without passing the bounds of sense and reason. We hope, however, the notes may be suggestive to the emotional part of our common humanity, and prove a voice to the inner life; for if there is anything that tends to mar the delicacy of the Spirit, it is the constant effort that makes the mystery of life a constant of sense, while insisting the soul shall receive its daily bread through the intellect alone.

Reader, bring your soul entire and undivided to the investigation; let the subject matter be what it may; for it is an ultimate in philosophy, that "a house (or soul) divided against itself, cannot stand" the solemn but cheerful issues of investigation no more than it can the conflict of life. Read with the Spirit and the understanding.

The communication from Charles B. Rosna, if read with the same interest with which it was received, will be suggestive of much reflection, as it attempts to explain fact in the past and prophecies of the future.

THE NOTES.

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 12, 1855.

"Home, Sweet Home" and "Oft in the Silly Night" were sung by direction of the Spirits, when the following was given by alphabet:—

DEAR FRIENDS—You have not stood still; for the past month has registered many bright gems of perfect ideas, which have slept in embryo for many a day. Things shine out brightly to the Spirit's vision, and the chords of love and sympathy are daily strengthened between the two worlds. We are weak, and we come through the atmosphere of those whose more advanced condition has perfected the force and power of God's line of telegraph, which has now extended from the Celestial Heavens down to the earth plane, and made it possible for all, who are willing to labor for light, to speak through this means. My experience has been, that the light of your monthly Circle has greatly enhanced my happiness and the happiness of all the Spirit Circle who gather around you, to confer with you on subjects of interest and advancement. Each and every one of you have brought to this circle, a circle of loved friends, who delight to minister to your wants, and they have circles of advanced friends, through whose aid they make known many facts which have not as yet come under their personal observation.

Thus you see we are a circle of intersected circles, all blending harmoniously together, and when good harmony reigns in your circle, we may hand down facts.

Your father,

P. W.

Some reference was now made to the early manifestations in the Fox family, and particularly to Charles B. Rosna, the first Spirit who manifested intelligence through that family, when the conversation was interrupted by loud sounds, and Mrs. Brown remarked:—*"Here he is."* A conversation was now held with this Spirit, in which the following was elicited:—

Rosna—I am a developing Spirit.

Question—If you are a developing Spirit, Charles, can't you make more Rappings?

Rosna—I seldom come across those who are made of materials for rapping.

Question—Will the rappings pass away as some have predicted?

Rosna—When the Foxes shall have passed away from earth, new Rapping Mediums of positive stamp will be found to perpetuate the Rappings until time shall wax old.

Some reference was now made to the Medium to the early manifestations of this Spirit—manifestations which he does not now make, and which, from his own account, he is unable to make.

Rosna—At that time I possessed strong physical power being more earthly.

In the course of conversation, Mrs. Brown said that "Charles B. Rosna" was the first man ever given green of himself, and that, according to the account given of himself, he was intended for his mother, while in a state of incubation in the house in Holselville, where the manifestations first commenced. Her remarks were interrupted by the sound for "Hallelujah," when he rapped out:—

"I was flattered and deceived, and lured from the cares of home and friends, and fed and made drunk that my life might pay the dreadful forfeit. I slept and dreamed of wife and children, and I awoke in the anguish and torture of remorse, guilt and dread. The dreadful pouring sounds of blood greeted my ear, the gleam of Spirit light flashed faintly on my sight;—then darkness fell upon my Spirit! I heard and knew, but was powerless! I could not escape from my dungeon, until through the interposition of this family, I was enabled to step upon the platform of progression, and now I am happy."

CHARLES B. ROSNA.

Communications were now given to the different members of the Circle as follows:—

Dear Mother—I am happy to speak with you again. I have often manifested myself to Uncle John. You do not know how happy your little Willie is to see to his dear mother.

It is my hand. (The body was touched.)

Dear Mother—I am happy too, to come here with you; you will always hear from your little Franklin quicker by not calling for me, because I come more easily when you are not anxious. Lily and Johnny are with me, but they have nothing to say, more than they love and watch over you and Father always.

Dear Edwin—You are remembered by all your friends in Heaven. Your mother's blessing rests upon you.

Dear Grandfather—The light of Spiritualism will guide you straightway to Edward in Heaven.

Dear Grandfather—Edward is my teacher, and we both watch over you.

My Son—This evening has added one star to your firmament. Your mind is open. The light of your forces are brightening.

YOUR FATHER.

Dear Son—Keep your eye on the mark of the prize which will make you an heir of heaven.

YOUR MOTHER.

Friend—Your father and friends are happy in the future prospect of a re-union, where the weary

rest. You are remembered and watched, and the subject of much interest by many, whose love could not cease to exist with the body.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

This communication was addressed to Mr. Tooley, when some one asked if Mr. T. knew the Spirit while in the earth spoke of in the answer was given. The Spirit of knowledge that united them, (the Spirit and Mr. T.) was the probable fact, that D. C. knew Mr. T.'s father—when the following rejoinder was given:—

Not the only link—a link which binds soul to soul, exists between me and my beloved countrymen.

Dear Son—I have been benefited in the sweet communion of thought with you. Isaac, persevere in the spirit of truth, and your influence will extend far over the sea and quicken the force of love which has long lain dormant in the breast of those over whom I am appointed to rule, in silence.

YOUR FATHER.

Dear Husband—I am strengthened and quickened in my advancement, for the mutual knowledge which has recently been disclosed, has much enhanced our happiness, and placed us on a parallel plane. You know and feel my wish in regard to our dear children, and God will bless your labors finally.

James, ever your faithful wife in Spirit.

Go to your closet, my son, and the Spirit of your father will commune with you there. Amen.

You have waited, and your friends have gathered new forces to speak words of love. Your faith is perfect, and your hold is strong. The friends who linger near you, are happy in the pleasing hope of seeing you made fully ripe, and fit for ascension in the cloud-car of Heaven to the home of your friends.

L. S.

Dear Henry—I am grateful for this delightful interview. It has called me into the society of many new friends, and I feel the returning forces which have, in days past, been transmitted to you. Your dear little sister will return home with you, in the hope of manifesting herself to you, Amos.

My dear Brother—I too feel that it is well to sit in pleasant places, and commune from sphere to sphere. God bless your diligence and open your vision, that the light of his glory may shine on you, and warm you, and keep alive the love which will unite and strengthen our forces in Heaven and on earth.

N. T. O.

Permit me to speak a word of encouragement to Edwin and Eliza—May God be your guide, and may His power extend to every branch of my family, and may they worship Him in Spirit and in form.

YOUR SISTER.

Now we bless and thank you, Leah, and the labor of to-night shall be credited to your account in the record of eternal life.

DANIEL O'CONNELL AND OTHERS.

Unite and return thanks to God our Father!

Prayer by Mr. Tooley—to every thought and sentiment of which the Spirit responded throughout.

LONGING AFTER SPIRITUAL LIFE.

The following extract is from a letter read by Mr. U. Clark, at the Wednesday evening Conference—held weekly at the Stayestant Institute. No doubt there are thousands in every Christian denomination who are hungering and thirsting after more light on the great question of immortal life and Spirit guardianship—minds that would be happy in the possession of such facts as the modern history of Spiritualism can give; but owing to the assumptions of church philosophy, they pass them by, or if perchance they hear of them, consider them demonic in origin and character.

It is consoling, however, to know that, in one form or another, the Press, in fellowship with Spirits in and out of the body, is working for the spread of those facts; and the time is not far distant when they will bring that peace to the anxious mind that nothing else can give.

To those whose internal life is in constant rapport with the source of all Spiritual illumination, this may not be necessary; but it is none the less consoling to know that angel Spirits are aiding us in every good word and work.

The following, we doubt not, will be understood by all who may read, as it comes from the Spirit of one who evidently longs for Spiritual consolation:—

"Talk of being a Spiritualist? Yes, I am one, in a genuine sense of the term. No soul yearns more for deep, earnest Spiritual affections and affinities than mine. I long, oh, God knows how much I long for the pure and blessed state that alone can be called *Spiritual*, when I shall live above the low, dark, murky atmosphere of such a world as this—live in the enjoyment of a calm, heavenly frame of mind, so calm, it shall bring images and pictures which may prove *living things*; yea, voices and presences like flocks of gathering angels communing within me and being communed with again. Sometimes I think such blessed ones are near me, and then I listen to hear their voices, strain my eyes on vacancy, or close them and gaze inwardly on the atmosphere of the land of dreams. But, alas! I see only phantoms, and hear nothing but the beating, beating, beating of the muffled drum to the funeral march:—

"Our hearts, like muffled drums, are beating
Faint marches to a funeral dirge."

"I am not excluded from enlarging the utmost powers of my soul, and amplifying to the utmost extent of my faith, to see and know all that pure Christian Spiritualism, as you say yours is, teaches. I see no reason to doubt, that at this moment the dear ones whose names I have mentioned, and thousands of others, the memory of whom and whose presence haunt my soul in those hours of silence and loneliness we all have, are near me, and at this moment knowing all my thoughts and desires, and loving with such a love as young and blessed hearts realize when all the earth is not so boundless as their affections. But we are too material, too gross. It seems as though I had never felt as I have for a few weeks past. I have never seen so much what a pure life is or ought to be. I have never had such strange *Spiritual* and *intuitive* insights bursting on my soul; the religion he taught. Alas! that it is so, and yet it is; that which passes for religion now, with all the sects and denominations, is a sheer, unadorned mockery, a libel on God and the name of worship. Destitute of any deep, realizing sense of what religion is. Such people go to church on Sunday or lounge at home, filled with sin, selfish and feasting, while the rottenness of mere worldly, selfish, dead, feeble creeds through their souls and ossifies their very heart-beatings. Jesus Christ, I had almost said, with a lash of scorpions, should come to day, would whip such from their temples. Oh, my soul is sick, sick, sick at what I am weakly and daily doomed to see and realize of the mockery of religious pretensions!

"I now believe, all you reasonably claim to believe; perhaps can see all you claim to see, or will by-and-by. I rejoice to hear you disclaim all affinity and affection for that kind of Spiritualism which would deicide the Bible and Christianity. If I understand you, and you me, I do not see that we are far apart in principle and affection, though we stand not on the same platform of mode.

"The Spirits have not yet deigned to visit my mortal vision. How soon they will I cannot tell. God knows when they do come, if I can see and hear them as you profess to do, I will fold them to my soul, and with a purer, more hallowed, yet not less thrilling ecstasy of feeling than in other days I have the beings of a youthful love."

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Dear Son—Keep your eye on the mark of the prize which will make you an heir of heaven.

YOUR MOTHER.

Friend—Your father and friends are happy in the future prospect of a re-union, where the weary

SPRIT COMMUNION: AN IMMOVABLE FACT IN THE INTERNAL CONSCIOUSNESS AND EXTERNAL HISTORY OF MAN, BY REV. J. B. FERGUSON, Nashville, Tenn., together with a DISCOURSE ON CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY, ANGELIC, by REV. THEODORE CLAPP, of New Orleans, La. Published and circulated gratuitously by W. M. WETMORE, Nashville, Tenn.

It was an easy matter to say what the reader would find in these addresses, for the sense is made so plain, that "the way faring man need not err therein," but as they are published for gratuitous circulation, we hope the reader will take our advice, and write for a copy as soon as possible. It is hardly necessary to introduce Br. Ferguson to our readers, for they have had frequent opportunities for becoming acquainted with his spirit and philosophy, but we will say the present address unites the rare combinations of practical sense with religious fervor and Spiritual philosophy in an eminent degree. There may be passages in the address too radical for the timid, and too comprehensive for the sleepy and dreamy professor of religion, but if it is true that *wisdom is approved of her children*, the address cannot fail of doing a good work for those who may need its working stimulant or soothing influence.

The following earnest extract will commend itself to the judgment of the reader, and make him acquainted with the spirit of the address. Br. F. in speaking of the source of all Truth says:—

"Truth is immortal—not as a figure of speech, a beauty of poetry—but in its nature immortal. It knows no diminution, no corruption, no perversion, no death. We may diminish ourselves in its knowledge and power; we may pervert and abuse its faculties to discover, receive, and enjoy truth; we may corrupt our minds and hearts so that they almost, or quite cease to reflect it. In a word, we may degenerate to the extent of losing the power to 'catch to hallow' it by the holy name of Christ and God, or Humanity and Heaven. But God and Truth remain the same, and we never come to enjoy the fullness of Divinity we bear. Sacred and inviolate, like the pure sky above us, it lives; and though clouds may hide it from our eyes, it hides it not from itself. As men become more true to themselves, the nature they inherit, to the universe of which they form a part, they ascend in harmony with its eternal laws, and behold what men less true, platonically worship, or distastefully blaspheme, or fight over."

We cannot forbear a second extract—as it outlines the blessed mission of Spiritualism—and gives a statement of fact, which, so far as Nashville is concerned, makes Spiritualism a practical and a working thing. We need more of this give-away and live-out Spiritualism; for if it does not prove to be the power of God in making men and women generous, benevolent and philanthropic, as well as saving them from the gloom of skepticism, its mission is hardly commenced, because imperfectly understood. It needs no wise man to see that, where men are thus practically inspired with an earnest desire to do for, and spend in the development and spread of the cause, be its character what it may, its growth is inevitable—so powerful is example and so persuasive is *deed*. The reader can not fail to understand the lesson taught in the following:—

"This is the message we have from all, and we have never met with an exception. Prattling iniquities and hoary experience testify to the fact, every day, and under every variety of circumstances, that as we are, so we become, in purity, in faithfulness, in hope, and in our kindred in God, in duty, to still further elevate and improve our power of mind, and our love of truth, to testify. While all bring the inspiring assurance that this Light is now dawning upon the billows of every land, and to use their own language, 'but a few silent watches of the night, and the mid-day sun will proclaim the epoch of a brighter day, to fill the heart with joy and illumine the soul with a resplendent orb, whose penetrating rays shall give life and vigor to the parched earth, from whence shall spring a joyous harvest of gladness that shall bind together all men in union to their great end in God. Its epoch is already here.' 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AN ODE—
MAN'S DESTINY.

BY S. C.

Is life convention, is conventions thrill
To be the first, and so engross life's moral.
Is man to know but tricks which mortals teach.
Thrusting the purest glory out of reach.
The soul should play its part in life's shrewd game.
Or intuition, it were but in name.
That inner thought which shows what man should be.
And tears the veil away spread 'fore eternity.

That monitor, is then its voice to sound?
And no response to its impatient bound?
No pointing finger mark the heaven-strewn way
To merge the night of life in endless day.
The voice is here, and its impressive power,
Lives on with life, its guiding impulse true—
Earth is of earth—the soul's e'er heavenward wells.

The world impatient link'd for aye to time,
With its frail rails is dead'ning e'er the chime
Of that soft melody—the soul's true will—
Its purest force, how doth its cadence thrill
Within that sick'ning void which waits on man
Who makes the world his whole existence span.
Conventions rule, and all their busy strife.
They make the sum of all the life of life.

Man wants little here below, nor is long
The poet sings, and this his truthful song
Is on the lip, but when convention strays
Along life's path—forget the golden lays
Look'd on as dreams, emblems which have no skill
To stifle in the busy throng, life's pulsing ill.
The weary thought then stoops from Heaven to earth.
Then false conventions gild, life's fairest worth.

And love all pure when nestling in the heart
Shall it ignore its source to play a part.
Dead'ning by poison's touch then lose its pow'r,
And its pure trust, a sacrificial dove.
It steals within all radiant and bright.
To stand the test of worldly thought. The blight
Convention throws, low round it play,
And its sweet dream is rudely torn away.

So all the higher reachings of the soul,
Must bend, or break before the world's control.
The world can break no impulse pure to sway.
And virtue sinks before the poison'd flame
Which crushes good, and its Deific claim.
The world potential in the things of sense,
Proclaims all else the mockeries of pretence.

Mind, must be mind, convention then no more
Deadens good with its meretricious store
Of poisons. The world then has naught to say.
Nor the pure impulse of the soul can stay.
And then convention howling crows its head
And darkness veils the evils it would shield.
The soul is all, and its inspirings flow,
In streams of fire, and aetheral snow.

The world's dead mesh must be dispell'd, and then
No more exalt the poisons from the fen,
And the world's snare, when man himself shall be
He hath by will o'er it the mastery.
Convention's tricks chain down the soul to earth.
Obscuring thus the brightness of its birth,
But when the soul shines broadly in the way.
The things of man are colors in the spray.

God ordain'd man a glorious part to play,
Shall he for dress throw thus his good away,
Shall he for gold sell his all priceless self,
Waiting on fashion, and the things of wealth,
Passing in gold, fearing the world might see
His act is greater than his witchery.
Shrinking from words the sordid worldlings throw,
O'er all of good, and acts which from it flow.

Until convention's chain is left away,
Man is a hall with which the fool shall play,
But when he soars superior to its thrall
By his soul-purity he crushes all
The petty strivings and the arts of man,
And all the wonders which their sneerings scan,
When forced by God the soul is true supreme,
And all conventions claims—an idle dream.

Were this life all that man shall ever know,
Then were we well to let to man should bow,
If after life annihilation came.
The world had then on man the chiefest claim,
But as man must pass, and life must flame
Aeth'ral, unnumber'd, and the things of vanity,
Man should not bow before an idol's shrine,
But grasp the glory of the life divine.

The idol tottering nodding to its fall
Breaks with the crash the senses thrall,
The soul then soaring on its wings of pow'r,
Reaps in its joyous bliss its heavenward dower,
And then all radiant from its earthly slime,
Up the ethereal heights of love will climb,
And share those joys which from creation's dawn,
For him reserved the glory of that morn.

New York, May 30, 1855.

[From Dream Land and Ghost Land.]

THE SEERESS OF BOLTON.

The most remarkable instance in England of the wonders of Magnetism, is the case of Emma, the full detail of whose personal visits to places and persons at an immense distance during the state of lucidity or clairvoyance, has been published by Dr. Haddock, in his interesting work entitled "Somnolism and Psychism," and in "Gregory's Letters." Here is one instance. "INTERESTING CASE OF THE RECOVERY OF £500 BY CLAIRVOYANCE." The account is that published in the various newspapers of the day. "On Saturday, July 14th, 1849, a letter was received by Messrs. P. R. Arrowsmith and Co., of this town, from Bradford, Yorkshire, containing a Bank of England note for £500, another for £50, and a bill of exchange for £100.—These Mr. Arrowsmith handed over in his regular mode of business to Mr. William Lomax, his cashier, who took or sent, as he supposed, the whole to the Bank of Bolton, and made an entry accordingly in his cash-book. The bank-book was then at the Bank, so that no memorandum of the payment was received or expected. After the expiration of about five weeks, upon comparing the bank-book with the cash-book, it was found that no entry for these sums was in the bank-book. Inquiry was then made at the Bank, but nothing was known of the money, nor was there any entry existing in any book or paper there, and after searching, no trace could be found of the missing money; in fact, the parties at the Bank denied ever having received the sum, or knowing anything of the transaction. Before the discovery of the loss the bill had become due; but upon inquiry after the loss was discovered, it was found that it had not been presented for payment. It was therefore concluded that, as the notes and bill could not be found at the Bank, nor any trace or entry connected with them, the probability was, that they had been lost or stolen, and that the bill had been destroyed to prevent detection. Mr. Lomax had a distinct recollection of having received the notes, &c., from Mr. Arrowsmith, but from the length of time that had elapsed when the loss was discovered, he could not remember what he had done with them—whether he had taken them to the Bank or sent them by the accustomed messenger; nor could the messenger recollect anything about them.

"After some consideration, it was determined to apply to Dr. Haddock, especially as several remarkable instances of clairvoyant perception had been taken place.

"On Friday, August 24th, Mr. Lomax, accompanied by Mr. F. Jones of Ashburner Street, Bolton, called on Dr. Haddock. Emma was put instantly into the psychic state; she directly inquired for the papers—meaning the letter in which the notes and bill were enclosed, but this Mr. Lomax

did not happen to have in his possession, and she could not tell anything without it. This sitting was therefore so far useless. The next day Mr. Lomax brought the letter, and Dr. Haddock requested that the contents might not be communicated to him, lest it should be supposed he had suggested anything to her. After considerable thought and examination the clairvoyant said there had been three different papers for money in that letter—not post-office orders, but papers that came out of a place where people kept money in (a Bank), and were to be taken to another place of a similar kind. That these papers came in a letter to another gentleman (Mr. Arrowsmith) who gave them to one present (Mr. Lomax), who put them in a red book that wrapped round (a pocket-book). Mr. Lomax then, to the surprise of Mr. Haddock, pulled from his coat pocket a deep red pocket-book, made just as she had described it, and said that it was the book in which he was in the habit of placing similar papers.

"Dr. Haddock thought she was wrong as to the number of the papers, for he conceived the letter contained a cheque; but the clairvoyant persisted in saying there were three papers, two of which were of the same kind, and of the same sort of paper, but one more valuable than the other, and a third on different paper, with a stamp on it. Dr. H. sometimes bailed and irritated her by his inquiries in this respect, and by his not crediting her statement, but thinking she was in error; and this tended to obscure her meaning. Mr. Lomax now said the clairvoyant was right, that the letter contained two Bank of England notes and a bill of exchange, but he did not say what was the value of the notes. Dr. H. then put a ten-pound note into the clairvoyant's hand; she said that two of the papers were like that, but more valuable; and (in answer to a question), that the black and white at the corner was longer. She further said, that these notes were taken to a place where money was kept (a bank), down there (pointing towards Deansgate, the site of the Bank of Bolton). Beyond this no farther inquiry was made at that sitting.

"In the evening Mr. Arrowsmith called, with Mr. Makant, of Gilner Croft, Mr. Lomax, and Mr. F. Jones, to finish the inquiry. But in the interim the clairvoyant had unexpectedly become spontaneously mesmerized, and a letter from Scotland, having some reference to cholera being put into her hands, she went in quest of a cholera patient whose case had proved fatal. She was much interested in this case, said how it might have been cured, and spoke of her examination of the corpse. The inquiries, however, made such an impression on the organic system of nerves, that notwithstanding precautions being taken, she soon manifested symptoms of cholera after she awakened, which became so urgent that strong measures were required to subdue them. She was therefore too ill for any further inquiry, and the gentlemen retired without witnessing any further experiment. Mr. Arrowsmith left the sealed letter to be read when she was again fit for inquiry, but no further use was made of it till Monday.

"On that day Mr. Lomax called again. The clairvoyant was now well, and she went over the case again, entering more minutely into particulars. She persisted in her former statements, that she could see the marks of the notes in the red pocket-book, and could see them in the banking-house; that they were in paper, and were put, along with many more papers, in a private part of the bank; that they were taken by a man at the bank, who put them aside, without making any entry, or taking any further notice of them. She said that the people at the bank did not mean to do wrong, but that it arose from the want of attention. Upon it being stated that she might be wrong, and requested to look elsewhere, she said it was of no use; that she could see they were in the bank, and nowhere else; that she could not say any thing else, without saying what was not true; and that, if search was made at the bank, where she said, they would be found. In the evening, Mr. Arrowsmith, Mr. Makant, and Mr. Jones came again, and she was again mesmerized, and again repeated these particulars in their presence.

"Dr. Haddock then said to Mr. Arrowsmith that he was tolerably confident that the clairvoyant was right, and that he should recommend him to go next day to the bank, and insist on a further search; stating that he felt convinced, from inquiries he had made, that his cashier had brought the money there. Mr. Makant also urged the same course on Mr. Arrowsmith.

"The following morning, Tuesday, August 28th, Mr. Arrowsmith went to the bank, and insisted on a further search. He was told that, after such a search as had been made, it was useless, but that, to satisfy him, it should be made again. Mr. Arrowsmith left for Manchester; and after his departure, a further search was made, and among a lot of papers, in an inner room at the bank, which were not likely to have been meddled with again probably for years, or which might never have been noticed again, were found the notes and bill, wrapped in paper, just as the clairvoyant had described them."

Another case may be cited here, which also made a considerable sensation, through the press, at the time of its occurrence:

"On Wednesday evening, December 20, 1848, Mr. Wood, grocer, of Cheapside, Bolton, had his cash-book, with its contents, stolen from his counting-house. After applying to the police, and taking other precautionary steps, and having no clue to the thief, although he suspected, what was proved to be an innocent party; and having heard of Emma's powers as a clairvoyant, he applied to me, to ascertain, whether, by her means, he could discover the party who had taken it, or recover his property. I felt considerable hesitation in employing Emma's powers for such a purpose, fearing that both the motive and the agency might be grossly misrepresented. But the amount at stake, the opportunity for experiment, and Mr. Wood being a neighbor, induced me to comply with his request; and nine o'clock next morning was appointed for the trial. At that hour Mr. Wood came to my residence, and I then put Emma, by mesmerism, into the internal state, and then told her that Mr. Wood (whom I put *en rapport*, as it is called, with her) had lost his cash-book, and that I wished her to tell us, if she could, where the book was taken from? what was it? and who took it? She remained silent a few minutes, evidently mentally seeking for what she had been requested to discover. Presently she began to talk with an imaginary personage, as if present in the room with us; but as it subsequently proved, although inviolable and imaginary to us, he was both real and visible to her; for she had discovered the thief, and was conversing with his mind on the robbery. She described, in the course of this apparent conversation, and afterwards to us, where the book was placed; what the general contents was, particularly some documents it contained; how he took it, and that he did not take it away to his residence at once, but hid it up an entry; and her description of his person, dress, associations, &c., was so vivid, that Mr. Wood immediately recognised the

purchaser of his property, in a person the last to be suspected. Feeling satisfied from the general accuracy of her description, and also from her describing the contents of the box, that she had really pointed out the delinquent, Mr. Wood went directly to the house where he resided, and which she pointed out, even to the letters on the door-plate, and insisted on his accompanying him to my house, or, in case of refusal to the police office. When brought, and placed in contact with Emma, she started back from him, as if he had been a serpent, telling him that he was a bad man, and observing also, that he had not the same clothes on as when he took the box, which was the fact. He denied strenuously all knowledge of the robbery then, and up to a late hour in the afternoon; but as he was not permitted to go at large, and thus have no opportunity for destroying or effectually concealing the box, and as Mr. Wood had promised, for the sake of his connections, not to prosecute, if confession was made, and the box and contents recovered, he at last admitted that he had taken it, and in the manner described by Emma; and the box and contents was found in the place where he had secreted it, broken open, but the property safe. It should be observed that Emma had pointed out the place where the box was concealed, but we could not be certain of the place she meant, without permitting her, while in the internal state, to lead us to it; this the confession rendered unnecessary.

Dr. Gregory mentions several remarkable instances, which do not occur in Dr. Haddock's mere personal narration of this clairvoyant; among others the following, evidently a vision of Mary Queen of Scots. Emma described a room she had seen. The walls were of stone covered with loose hangings, on which she saw pictures of beasts, &c., (evidently tapestry.) The lady was on a peculiar sofa, and as before dressed in a strange but rich fashion. She wore a stiff ruff, standing up about her neck, and a cap with a point down the middle of the forehead, and rising curved over the temples. This she explained by drawing the shape of it with her finger. She was a great lady and cried much over a baby, her husband and she did not agree; they differed on religious matters, and the lady was very fond of priests, Catholic priests. The lady was imprisoned in one of the highest houses, (query, the castle?) at all events she was there. Here in answer to questions, she said she saw the child let down in a basket from a window, and she thinks the lady also, or at least a lady.—The lady left that place down below, after walking a short distance, in a strange kind of carriage; (from the description a horse litter.) She could see that the great lady was kept confined in another place in a house with trees round it. Could not see beyond the trees. Seeing the lady another time on horseback, riding very fast to a water, which she crossed, and then gave herself up to a people there. When asked why she did so? said, "Oh, you know she thought they were friendly, but they were not." As some of these details led me to suppose that Emma had got on the trace of Mary, Queen of Scots, I asked her to tell me what more she could see. She said that the people whom the great lady thought to be friendly, put her in confinement. I then asked what the lady died of? E. said she could not then see, but would be able to tell the next morning. Next day when put into the same state, Dr. H. asked the question again, when after looking for a short time, E. said, "she died of this" drawing her hand across her neck, and added with a smile, "I dare say as she liked to cut people's hands off, they cut off hers to see how she would like it herself." She had told us, on being asked where she first saw the lady, that she was *shelled*, that is, dead; for E. like many other subjects, will never use the word death, or dead. She had also told us that the house was no longer as she saw it, but that the large room in which she saw the great lady was subdivided; by partitions into smaller rooms and entirely changed; that she saw it as it had been formerly.

This is a remarkable instance notwithstanding the confusion of circumstances, and in whatever way it may be explained, it is a more wonderful introduction to ghost land, the mind cannot but travel through strange conjectures, as to the painting of objective figures upon the brain, it is one of the least satisfactory of Emma's visions, but as a visit to the unseen, it has an interest independent of its own.

We here forbear from any observations, or further illustrations from this interesting clairvoyant; but should the reader be desirous of tracing the matter any further, we will beg him to turn to Dr. Haddock's work, to which we have made frequent reference already, and from which, some of the cases cited have been extracted. "Emma" has, perhaps, been more frequently talked of, than any other clairvoyant in England. Her observations have been well authenticated, and they have been most generally known. Who can doubt that she has, in Spirit, penetrated to those dreadful mountain chains and passes of emerald ice, those frozen oceans and crystallized seas, where Franklin lies confined, dead or alive? There can be no reason for disbelieving that she has seen Franklin and his crew; for, what more remarkable can there be, than the fact, that Sir W. C. Trevelyan procured from the Secretary of the Geographical Society the writing of several persons unknown to him, and without their names, in different quarters of the globe. Three handwritings were sent. Of the first she gave a description of the place—the city in which he was—of the person—of the surrounding country—it was Rome; but she could not tell the hour: and this was accounted for, from the fact that at Rome, the clocks have 24 hours marked upon them instead of twelve. In the second case, she not only found the person and the place, but she found the geographical time—this was in Tuscany. The third case was still more remarkable; for it was expected that the writer was abroad at some distance; but she described a city, like London, giving a time differing only two and a half, or three minutes from Bolton, and it transpired that the person had unexpectedly returned to London.

A case like this may be denominated the *experimentum crucis* of the inquiry; but the illustrations are too numerous to linger over; but all tend to place this wonderful power of vision first, as an illustration, from the discoveries of science, of the power of the seer. It is, it appears, possible to enter into the unseen world. It is ridiculous to expect perfect and entire correctness in the first stages of any inquiry. We do not know what perturbing causes may exist: we do not know what may be the imperfect methods of observation.—The imperfect vision of Mary, Queen of Scots, may guide perhaps to some idea of the mistakes, touching Sir John Franklin; meantime, in both of these instances, the truth of the narration must have predominated over its error; especially when we remember the entire ignorance of the clairvoyant of all geographical knowledge. Other instances have proved to be entirely correct in every detail, and they do, therefore, endorse the general authenticity of all. Wonderful, indeed, it must appear to many! To many again, who have reflected long

on the phenomena of Mind in relation to the world, it will not appear wonderful. There is, however, no doubt that these facts demonstrate the existence of a real objective Spiritual world. Surely it appears impossible to escape the evidence of it. The mind, unfettered, can travel to it—can visit easily other climes, and other persons—can thus obtain a knowledge of past events, and a knowledge of future, too; and, passing through the shell, enter into the very essence of life and being.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

MR. EDITOR: The article in your paper of April 5th, from the Cleveland Plaindealer, under the caption of "Spiritualism in Cleveland," suggested to my mind the following thoughts, to which I invite a reply, in case any of the "called" or "elect" can discover in my remarks anything worthy of reply.

I hold that, truth can harm no man; error can do no man good; and, as an honest seeker after truth, I present the following, desiring enlightenment, if I am in error:

First, is there a Spiritual world, in which dwell those who once inhabited the form? Anticipating an affirmative answer, I next inquire, can they who have crossed the "dark Jordan" retrace their steps, by any law of Nature or by permission of Jehovah, and commune with the inhabitants of Earth? I answer yes. For a road that leads from Earth, leads to Earth, and the same power or conveyance that conveys the soul from Earth to its home on high, can convey it back again laden with "glad tidings of great joy" to enlighten and happily the sojourners in "Time's" dark sphere. Again, Bible history is replete with testimony bearing directly on the subject of intercourse between men and angels. (Angel originally signified "messenger," "delegate," "bearer of dispatches.") Daniel says, for three weeks he ate no pleasant bread or meat, and drank no wine; and, after observing these Vegetarian principles of temperance and fasting for three weeks, Daniel says: "Then I lifted up mine eyes, and beheld a certain man whose face was as the appearance of lightnings," &c., &c., and then affirms that he passes into a "deep sleep," and while in this interior magnetic condition, the Angel spoke to his Spiritual understanding, and gave the following interesting Spiritual communication: "Fear not, Daniel; for, from the day that thou didst set thy heart to understand, and to chasten thyself before thy God, thy words were heard, and I came, for thy words," &c. According to the same history, the life of the infant Jesus was preserved from the hand of the destroyer by a message from the Spirit world. Previously his birth was announced by Spirit messengers. Moses and Elias, who had been in the Spirit-world hundreds of years, came back and conversed with Christ and his disciples on the Mount. Paul saw the light and heard the voice; and after laying for three days in a magnetic sleep, a Spirit sent a man to awake him. Peter's prison doors were opened, his chains burst asunder, and his delivery secured by Spiritual interposition. On the day of Pentecost, Spirits took possession of the vocal organs of speaking mediums, and caused them to speak in divers tongues; so that the sojourners at Jerusalem, the Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, Pamphylia, Egypt, Lybia, Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, each and all, received an exhortation in their own tongue, which greatly amazed them; and they said one to another, what meaneth this? Others mocked, and said these men were full of new wine. Lastly, John, on a solitary island, deeply meditating on Spiritual subjects, was visited by one of the old Prophets, who communicated to him the many mysteries of the "Revelation." I think I have proved conclusively that Spirit communion is possible; indeed, probable; yes, certain. Such communion was common in olden times; and as they were performed in accordance with God's fixed, eternal, unchangeable laws, I see no good reason why, when man complies with the requisitions and comes within the influence of those laws, direct communication with the celestial spheres may not again be resumed. Christ, after his physical death, appeared to his disciples, and these things are done away. What he would return with all his holy Angels, ("Messengers," Bearers of Dispatches," and minister to his followers and believers. Query: Who are believers? Who are in the Kingdom, recipients of his blessings, laboring in the gospel vineyard, and "signs following" to confirm their work? (See Mark, xvi, 20.) I will tell you who were: The primitive disciples of the Great Reformer—Jesus. Proof: "The signs" followed their work; they "healed the sick," "raised the dead," that is, called back to earth their Spirits; "cast out devils," evils, leaving off the "d," would convey the correct idea; for instance, a man who was afflicted with a physical or moral malady was said to have a devil. But was one, these things are done away. What authority have you, reverend sir, or blind follower, to assert that they cannot be restored again, when man is restored to a state of original purity, Spiritual development, and unfinching belief? History informs us that Spiritual Christianity, in its original purity, lasted only 325 years A. C.; then its corruption became manifest, which continued to increase until the Reformation, 1517 A. C.; "when," says Robbins, "the church was reduced to the lowest state of religious weakness and degradation. 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